The Nature of Attraction

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The Nature of Attraction

by HyphenL

Summary

After the events of “The Casual Abduction Of Dr. Hannibal Lecter”, Hannibal discovers fantasising. Then he discovers calling your crush in the middle of the night and feeling stupid about it. Direct prequel to “Delirium”.

“Don't let him push you around” Hannibal heard himself say, though two firm hands circled his wrists and pinned him against the ladder in his office.

“I just want you to be okay” Will whispered in his ear, his breath hot and heavy against the sensitive skin. “I want you to promise that you are okay.”

“I am fine” Hannibal answered, searching for Will's lips with his own.

Something wasn't right.

“Can I see your wounds?” Graham asked, and hands slid on him, unbuttoning his jacket and shirt to get to the skin beneath. “Here, let me kiss it better.”

Tips of fingers running down his scars. Flashes of pain where the remembrance of hits surged like hot branding metal.

“You were attacked because of me” Graham whimpered, his lips hot and pleading against his skin. “*This one, I would have shot with pleasure*”

Hannibal didn't answer, couldn't answer, feeling words pile up in his throat, to get out only as a heavy, moaning sigh.

Will's hands on him. On his wounds. Bandages. Will treating the injuries, his fingers light on abused skin. “I can't believe you suffered so much before this would feel like nothing to you” he murmurs. “I can't stand the thought of your being alone with nightmares.”

“*I see the opportunity of friendship.”*

Will kissed him.

Hannibal heard the echo of a moan escape his otherwise muted throat. His body elongated, stretching out, arching back into the bed.

He felt naked and he felt powerful.

“It's fine now” he heard. “You're safe.” Graham was looking after him, spread next to him on the sheets, watching him with worried, loving eyes. His hands caressing, soothing.

The hurt he'd felt while being wounded exploded under them like tiny bombs, replaced by flooding pools of warmth. Hannibal's body almost cried out to them, trashing to get closer – but the ties where restraining him, he was still prisoner of that man, in the dirty grey surveillance room.

He whimpered when the syringe broke his skin, crying out Mischa's name.

Then Will's lips were on his eyelid, on his temple, on his cheek. “You've taken care of me. Allow me to return the favour.”

Necklaces of kisses, jewels all over his body. He arched again, groaning, and Graham put himself over his body like a much needed cover.

He was pleading, *aching* to feel William on him.

Something wasn't right.

“It's fine” Graham said, kissing him lovingly, lavishing his body with caresses, kisses, licks, strokes, heat, comfort.

Hannibal whimpered, and part of him marvelled at such an impossible reaction. Why was he so out of control?

“*I'm speaking as your friend!”*

“I'm your friend” Graham whispered, kissing him again with a wet mouth. “I care about you.”

He nibbled at the other's neck. “I want you” he murmured.

That... that... Graham wouldn't say *that*...

But suddenly William was in him, effortlessly, taking him apart with languid waves of hips, and Hannibal trashed desperately to get more pleasure out of it.

They were back against the ladder, Graham's hands on his chest, under the unbuttoned shirt, a pool of heat in their lower regions, William's hands in his hair.

Kisses and the delicious melting below, were they seemed to have merged into one unique being.

Graham pining his wrists against the wooden ladder.

Himself lifting up his legs, embracing Will's waist with them like a belt to get more from him.

That can't be.

“You're much better at life than I” William murmured, stroking him from the inside in such a way Hannibal couldn't remember words. “I don't want you to get hurt.”

The other moaned, desperate for contact, for Will's mouth against his, for an embrace. He closed his arms around the younger man, and woke up.

Dark, empty room, all around him.

Deep silence and cold night –only the sheets were damp and himself feverish, a hot pulsing irritating in-between his thighs.

That couldn't be.

He looked at the time –4 a.m.

He wanted to call William, but knew that wouldn't be wise.

“*If you need anyone, I want you to talk to me*” Graham had said.

But Hannibal was still half asleep and hard, his body having the upper hand there.

Though he'd never asked anyone for help his whole adult life. Part of him pushed and pushed and pushed to have him take the phone and make the call.

Just to hear Graham's voice.

Without an agenda. Out of impulse.

That couldn't be.

Yet he found himself typing Graham's number and counting bips over the phone, telling himself he would hang up as soon as he'd counted twenty, and that William was most probably asleep or wouldn't answer.

“Hello, Hannibal?”

Oh, he had his house's phone number memorised.

“I hope I'm not waking you” Hannibal said, remembering the early hour.

“Actually yes, but thanks, I was having the worst nightmare. What is it? How are you?”

Hannibal hesitated.

“I just wanted to know how you were doing” he lied, knowing Graham would see right through it.

“Good. Better, now that you've waken me. You know, nightmares.”

Hannibal pondered. “Yes” he decided to say.

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“No” he answered, conscious their call wouldn't last long this way, and deploring it.

Hearing the other's voice felt impossibly good. He would have hummed in pleasure. Instead, he closed his eyes to get in more of it, steadying his breath as much as possible.

“Do you want me to come over?” Graham asked.

Hannibal wished to say yes. He wished Will would turn up suddenly and decide to kiss him better, to take him right then and there, take him apart, have him resign all control over to him, make him cry out in pleasure.

He'd had no idea this was a possible state of mind until now.

But Graham would turn up expecting a broken therapist, not a horny one.

“I'll be fine, thank you” Hannibal answered. “I just wanted to hear your voice.”

He hadn't quite planed to say this, but there it was, and too late to take it back.

“I'm glad you called” Graham answered gently. “Are you sure you don't want me to come over?”

“I can assure you I'll manage” Hannibal answered, a knot forming in his throat. He shouldn't have hoped for impossible things. Unless, well. He *could* manipulate Will into actually wanting him.

It just wouldn't feel the same.

“Though thank you for picking up the phone in spite of the... early hour.”

“I told you you could call me anytime” Graham reminded him.

Hannibal let a second slip. “I might go back to sleep, now” he stated. “I apologise for the inconvenience.”

“Don't apologise to me, not for that” William sighed. “I care about you, you know.”

Hannibal's throat tightened. “Good night, William” he said, taking in Will's breathing as much as possible before hanging up.

Something was *not* right.

He, the most wanted serial killer of the country, had been abducted and tortured by a lowly amateur.

And now he was pinning after one of his patients.

He had to take the upper hand back, and soon.

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